A cat-astrofic neighbour by BiancaBibi

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Relationships: Dustin Henderson/Original Female Character(s), Eleven | Jane Hopper & Everyone, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Will Byers/Original Female Character(s)
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Summary:

The Hendersons have a new neighbor. She's sweet, nice, funny an intelligent, but there's something odd about her... something tells Dustin and the party this will end up being quite cat-astrophic...!

1. Happy birthday

"Will, you bastard!" Dustin shouted from the kitchen. "How dare you take the last piece of cake!" They all laughed at Dustin's indignation.

Dustin's birthday was basically cake. Claudia Henderson's cake was probably the best in all of Hawkings, and the kids would start a war to get a piece whenever she made some. Well, kids isn't exactly the word anymore. They were already 16, though they kept some of their childish manners.

Dustin's birthday was also D&D. El-Sorry, Jane, and Max had learned how to play that very summer, and it was tradition. Speaking of, Jane had started school the year before that, and I gotta say, she was having the best marks of the gang.

They hadn't changed much. Sure they were taller, and maybe more attractive, and El-Jane's hair was longer (sorry 'bout that), but appart from that, they were still the nerdy 13-year-old-s we all know.

Anyway, where were we? Ah yes, Dustin was complaining about will being a bastard, and the rest were laughing. Dustin whent back to the table after getting some chips and the campain continued.

Just as they were going to go into the hidden chamber, they heard a truck stoping in front of their house. They all looked through the window.

"Oh shit, new neighbors" said Dustin. "What's wrong with those?" Eleven asked. Dustin sighed. "Every time there are new neighbors my mom invites them for dinner and it's just so awkward." Max tried her best

to hold a giggle. "Last time we had new neighbors, the Petersons, I was nine, and they were a single mother and her 4-year-old twin annoying kids. You have no idea how horrible they were. And then my mom had the *great* idea of me babysitting them every friday while here and Ms. Petersons where on a girl night. Can you believe her?" Max, as well as the others, couldn't hold her laugh, and soon they were all lying on the floor, laughing themeselves out.

But the laugh ceased when they saw Dustin's new neighbor. She was of their age. She was tall, with brown eyes and dark, short, wavy, messy hair. She wore a green sweater covering a blue dress, with black leggins. Behind her walked a young woman, that seemed to be in her thirties. She was short, unlike the girl, and she had long, black wavy hair. However, she had the same eyes as who seemed to be her daughter. They both carried some boxes, but they didn't seem heavy, since each of them carried four. Either that or they were wightlifters.

Dustin was looking amazed at the girl. She was cute, none of them could deny it. There was something rather cold and ironic about her, but warm and welcoming at the same time. They all had their faces against the window, looking like stalkers.

"Since when do people move in in the middle of the night?" asked Lucas. "Who knows" said Will "maybe they come from far away" he suggested. "Certainly" said El, and they all looked at her confused, except for Dustin, who nodded "yeah" he said. "She's clearly talking in spanish"

"And since when do you talk spanish?" Mike asked, directing himself more to E- Jane! To Jane! Jeez, sorry. As I was. Directing himself more to Jane than to Dustin.

However, they were right. They must have looked

quite dumb with their faces agaist the window, all piled up, because it seemed to catch the girl's eye, and she turned to the older woman. "*¡Tía! ¡Voy a ver a los vecinos, que están despiertos y parecen tener mucho interés en conocernos!*" The woman nodded.

"What did she say?" Lucas asked. "*¡Tía! ¡Voy a ver a los vecinos, que están despiertos y parecen tener mucho interés en conocernos!*" Jane repeated with perfect spanish accent. While Mike looked at his girlfriend amused, the rest just rolled their eyes. "I think we got that, El" Will said. Dustin run to the door. "In other words, she's coming!" He said in a high pitched voice, freaking out a bit.

2. Bloody nose

Dustin opened the door only to recieve a puch. "ow! What was that for?"

"Shit! Sorry! I didn't know you were going to open the door! I really didn't mean it! I was just gonna knock" the girl excused herself repitedly as she moved Dustin's hands, that were covering his nose, to see the injury. *Man, she has soft hands,* Dustin thought. His nose was red and bleeding, and whoever this girl was started carefully checking it. She then pulled Dustin's head back and made him push his nose to stop the bleeding.

"What the..." the girl cut him off with a sush as she entered the house and went to the kitchen to get some ice, walking like she owned the place. When she came back, they were all looking at her confused, except for Dustin, due to his position. She stopped and stared at them, expressionless and totally calm, like if she dealed with this kinds of things on a weekly basis.

"What?"

"Nothing..." said Max, rather pissed

The girl just shrugged, smiled and walked to Dustin. She rolled some toilet paper she had taken from the bathroom while she was at it, and gave it to Dustin, for him to inset it in the bleeding nostril. Then she wrapped the ice bag in napkins and gave it to him.

"You can put you head back down now" she said, and Dustin nodded, noticing how sweet and calming her voice was. She turned to face everyone.

"Sorry for my selfish intrusion, everyone. I'm Irene González. I just moved here from Spain so I'm... who's neighbor am I, exactly?" They all pointed at Dustin, as he raised his hand.

"Well It's nice to meet you, Irene. I'm Will"

"I'm Mike"

"Lucas"

"Well, I'm Max, and this is El-"

"Jane. She's Jane" Mike cut Max off, putting an arm arround Jane. Irene turned to her new neighbor, who had been staring at her for the past 2 minutes.

"And this dumbass, and your new neighbor, is Dustin" Lucas stated, when he saw his friend was in another world.

"Okay so it's Mike, Jane, Dustin" she pointed at everyone as she said their names ", Will, Lucas and Max." She turned to the red-haired girl.

"Your name, Max, is..."

"I know, a boy name... my real name's-"

"What-no! I was going to say awesome! Fucking awesome, if I may"

"R-really? Thanks!" She high-fived Irene.

"*¡Irene! ¡Venga, que es tarde!*" The woman that had arrived with Irene shouted. Irene turned to her new friends.

"I better get going... See you guys tomorrow?" Elev-JANE, who had been silent till now, nodded.

"Sure!" She said, smiling. Irene nodded and walked to the door. She opened and stepped outside. Before closing it, she poked her head through the door and said

"By the way, happy birthday, Dustin" she winked and closed the door.

3. Cat eyes

"That was... um..." Will tried to find the words.

"Unexpected?"

"Weird?"

"Awesome"

They all turned to Dustin.

"What? She seems cool to me" he declared. Max nodded.

"Yeah, she is pretty awesome"

"You just say that because she complemented your name" Mike said.

"Not true!"

"Guys please! We're gonna wake poor Mrs. Henderson up!" Will almost shouted, causing Mike and Max to shut up. He turned to Eleven. To Jane! Jane! J-A-N-E Jane!

"What do you think, El?"

"I've seen her before"

"What?" Lucas almost squealed, looking at his girlfriend, causing her to giggle. They all looked at them.

"Sorry, El, please continue" the red-haired girl said.

"Well, not exactly her. Someone smilar to her. In the lab" Jane whispered the last words. She remembered that terrible night.

Brenner opened the door.

"Papa?" Eleven asked. He smiled at her.

"Don't worry, I just want you to see something" he stretched his hand to her, and she grabbed it. Eleven was 8 years old at that time. It was the first time she ever saw another one of the lab experiments.

They walked into a room, where there was the tank of water Eleven had so many times gotten into. But she wasn't going in there. Not that day.

Instead, inside floated a girl with long brown-greenish hair. Eleven passed her fingers through her head, wondering where her own hair had gone. The girl's eyes were closed in concentration. She seemed the same age as Eleven. She seemed rather pissed to be in touch with water. Thing is, this girl wasn't normal. Well, none of the lab experiments are, *you may think, but she was diferent... fisically. She had four ears, to start with. Two were her normal ears, and then, on top of her head, almost covered by her hair, Eleven noticed two cat ears. She also had whisquers. Eleven examined her hands, looking for claws, but didn't find any. In her left arm, she had a tattoo: 010. In front of the tank was a single bottle. The girl closed her eyes even harder and the bottle turned into a rose, as the girl's nose started bleeding. Eleven walked to the rose and grabbed it, examing it. The girl must have noticed, as she opened her eyes and stared at her with some beautiful brown cat eyes. At first it was a deadly look. Then it turned into a welcoming look, complemented with a smile, as she saw Eleven was almost hugging the rose, though she had a scared expression, that vanished when she saw her smile. But the girl's smile soon turned sad when she saw Eleven's tattoo.*

One of the men on the tank hit her with a stick when he saw she wasn't concentrated, and the girl looked at him and hissed. She got out of the tank, her claws coming out, and started scratching the men around them, causing bleeding wounds all over them, till one of the men immobilized her. They grabbed her and took her down a corridor.

"No! No! Eleven! Eleven please help! Help me!" She shouted. Though terrified, her voice sounded sweet and soft.

At first, Eleven thought they were going to take her to the small room Eleven had so many times been locked in, whenever she refused to do something or did something wrong. But when Brenner forced her to follow, she found out otherwise.

They walked through hallways till they reached the exit. Brenner put his hands on Eleven's shoulders and they stepped out.

The forced the girl on her knees, and Brenner handed a gun to Eleven.

"Do it"

Eleven looked at the gun, without taking it, and back at Brenner, and shook her head.

Brenner sighed and pointed right on the girl's heart. She looked at the man, and Eleven notice there was no sadness in her eyes, neither were they pleading for mercy. It was just a pair of cat eyes, full of hatred.

Hate. That's what 010 felt for her Papa. Pure hatred.

Brenner slowly started pulling the trigger, but stopped when he realized the gun's mouth was slowly turning to him. He looked down at Eleven, and she shook her head again, a trail of blood running down her nose.

Before Brenner could do anything, she snapped the waists of the four men holding her sister, and the cat girl run away.

Before escaping into the forest, she turned to Eleven and mouthed a "thank you", then dissapeared in the darkness.

4. Just me, myself and I

Notes for the Chapter:

> Irene and her aunt are gonna have a conversation here... I'll put it in english since some of you probably don't understand spanish... thank you guys for the coments and Kudos!!!

Will was the first one to wake the next day. They hadn't done much after Irene's arrival, and had quickly fell asleep. Well, not him. He could hear Irene and the other woman next door.

"Are you sure you don't want me to stay with you, Irene?"

"Come on, Auntie. I've been living alone for 7 years now. I think I can handle it"

"But you just moved in!"

"So? It's not like I'm in a haunted house or a ghost village or anything like that, just good ol' Hawkings." Oh if she knew , Will would've thought if he uderstood what they were saying

"But-"

"Plus, I'm sixteen, remember?"

"Fifteen"

"Wha-I'm going to be sixteen in three weeks"

"Well yeah but-"

"Dont worry, Al. I'll be fine. I'll call the neighbors if anything happens"

The woman let out a sigh, and, after a while, Will heard the car leave.

Now, obviously, Will had no idea what they were saying, since they were actually talking in Spanish, and fell asleep quickly after the conversation.

Anyway, where were we? Ah, yes, Will had just woken up.

He looked at the clock. 7:04. *Argh.* He sighed. He wanted to go back to sleep, but he wasn't tired, so instead he went to the kitchen and got a glass of milk, then looked out the window.

And he noticed her next door. She had her hair tied up in a side pony-tail, she wore jeans, and a blue, purple and white plaid shirt. She was cheerfully playing with a butterly in the grass, barefoot, enjoying the first week of spring.

Will pulled on a jacket and went outside to see his friend. He wanted to call her, but she seemed so caught up in the moment...

The butterfly left, and she smiled up at the sky.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" She said, and turned to Will, a genuine smile on her face.

"Trully" he answered, and she nodded.

"But they can sometimes be dangerous" he added, and she shrugged.

"Things aren't always what they seem" she said, looking up at the blue skye.

They stayed there for a while, until she sat down on the grass, and patted the spot next to her for him to sit down. He held his finger up as for saying "wait a second" and run inside. He came back with two glasses of milk and handed one of them to Irene, before sitting next to her, their shoulders and knees slightly touching, but none of them caring.

Irene started drinking her milk in a somewhat odd way, smilar to the way cats do it. When Will looked at her confused, she shrugged.

"I used to have a cat and obserbed it very so" she explained "and once I watched as it drank milk and I wonder how that felt. Turns out, it's actually quite enjoyable"

Will decided he could give it a try, and realized how right Irene was. Soon they finished their milk. Will turned to dace Irene.

"What were you and your mom talking about last night"

"Mom? Oh, no that's not my mom, that's my aunt. I don't... I don't have parents. Not anymore, anyway"

"Oh" Will felt sorry, but Irene just shrugged.

"It's alright. My family did't really 'find any use in me', so I just run away. Then I met Alba, and she's kind of like jy aunt now. But I live alone. I got permission. I'm more into independence, ya' know?"

Will nodded. Sometimes it was better to be alone and just live your life, with no one there acting like if you were made of glass around you. He probably understood that more than anyone in all of Hawkings.

Soon Will went back in and invited Irene in. Well, actually, she was determined to wash the glasses, even after Will tried convincing her not to. So there she was, washing the glass when Ms. Henderson came down.

"Dusty, how many times do I have to tell you to not wash the plates unless I-oh"

Irene quickly introduced herself and Dustkn came shortly after, as he had heard his mother call him. She then told him off because of him letting guests such as their new neightbor washing the dishes, which caused Dustin to blush deeply and Will and Irene to burst in laughter when Claudia left.

"It was no swet, Ms. Henderson, really" Irene had said.

"No way honey, that is not aceptable, and it's clearly not how we treat our guests. Where are your manners, Dustin? You should start acting like a gentleman!" Claudia had answer, and Irene could see Will's red face trying to hold his laugh.

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter was fun. I didn't expect it to end this way but oh well... can't decide who...

5. Campaing

Notes for the Chapter:

> Fluffffffffffffffff
> Okay maybe not that much
> But still
> Aaaaaah!

Two weeks. It had been two weeks since Irene had moved in. The party seemed to open up to her quickly, though Mike, being Mike, had quite the hard time getting her into the party. She was soon informed about what had happened the past years, but they didn't say a word about Eleven, though she quickly learned why they calles her El (finally I can say her real name!). They spent time with Steve, and Alba sometimes came to check in on them. Speaking of which, those two made a cute couple. Dustin wasn't really crushing on Irene. They were more like siblings, ya know? Like Will and El. Yes, Hopper had adopted El, and *then* his wife left him, and *then* Joyce and him hang out more than necessary, and *then* they married a week ago. So yeah, life was going great.

"Dusty! I'm going to go visit aunt Marge. If I'm not home by 9, ask Steve if you can stay over"

"Okay, mom!" Dustin said, rolling his eyes at Max and Irene, who were uncontrolably giggling. As soon as Ms. Henderson left, they bursted in laughter.

"Don't forget to pack your diapers just in case" said Lucas, while Max laughed into his chest, slightly laying on him, and he patted her on the head.

"Oh come on, Dustin, aren't you old enough to spend the night alone? I mean look at me, I'm not even 16 yet and I live alone" Dustin

wanted to shoot Irene a glare, but he knew she was right, so instead he shrugged.

"So, guys, since we already finished our campaing yeasterday, what do you want to do now?" Mike said, his arm wrapped around a calm and silent El.

"I think I might have some" Irene looked upto Will, who was sitting next to her.

"You write your own campaings?" he asked, looking into her chocolate eyes, trying his best not to get lost in them. Was he falling for this girl? He didn't want to know the answer.

"Well yeah! I was the best Dungeon Master in my school. I have some spare campaings somewhere in the moving boxes that I haven't umpacked, do you want me to get them?" She said, standing up and snapping Wil back into reality, as the rest looked at her surprised.

"What!? Living alone can get boring at some point!" Mike shrugged.

"You want me to get it or not?" Lucas nodded vigorously, curious about how crearive this girl could get. Irene walked to the door. She turned to them.

"Any of you care to help me?"

"Oh, right" Will quickly stood up and run after her as she left. El sighed, and Max nodded at her.

"The kid's falling hard," comented Dustin.

Irene pulled the ladder down and climbed up to the atic, Will following close by.

"Okay, it's gotta be in here somewhere"

"Is this a casette?" Will pointed at something between some boxes and she aproached.

"Yeah, a very old one. It has a Cyndi Lauper mix tape" she smiled,

going down on her knees and put it on.

I come home in the morning light

"Oh no..." Will said as Irene grabbed a broom, using it as a microphone.

My mother says when you gonna live your life right

Oh mother dear we're not the fortunate ones

"Come on, Willie Will, sing with me!" Irene said as she sang along the song.

And girls they wanna have fun
Oh girls just want to have fun

Irene threw the broom at Will. He denied at first, but she was nodding at him, an evil grin in her face, and he gave up.

The phone rings in the middle of the night
My father yells what you gonna do with your life
Oh daddy dear you know you're still number one

Irene's grin turned into a genuine smile as she heard Will sing along the music. She grabbed his hands and they started spinning around

But girls they wanna have fun
Oh girls just want to have

That's all they really want
Some fun
When the working day is done
Oh girls, they wanna have fun
Oh girls just wanna have fun (girls and boys wanna have fun, girls wanna have)

When the working
When the working day is done
Oh when the working day is done oh girl
Girls, they wanna have fun...

They sang and danced along to the music. At some point Time after time came on. Will stretched his hand at Irene and playfully said.

"May I have this dance?" Irene grinned.

"Why, I don't see why not!" She took the hand and walked up to the little 'dance floor' they had created. As she pulled her hands around his neck, he rested his on her waist. They were at a natural distance, just swinging around.

Sometimes you picture me--
I'm walking too far ahead

Irene whispered the lyrics. But Will didn't pay atention to that. He was lost again. Lost in those chocolate eyes that were her's.

He couldn't

No, he couldn't

Why was he doing this

Don't lean down, you dumbass! Abort! Abort!

He was doing the wrong thing, he knew, but then why the hell was he doing it?!

Irene couldn't exactly understand what he was doing. But her instinct, oh, her instinct. Sometimes it's better to not follow it...

...yet if we didn't, life would be just boring, right?

So, Irene just followed her instinct, and I think we all know how that ends.

PLAF! Well, that was gonna leave a mark on Will's cheek...

Naaaaaaaaaah, just kidding.

As Will started leaning down to her, her hands started going down his arms, and he pulled her closer. She gently cupped his face with both hands. Will licked his lips, and she did the same. Just as he was leaning down, she tiptoed, and their lips crushed into each other.

It wasn't anything personal, just a sweet kiss. When Will pulled away, he locked eyes with her, and she let out a small chuckle.

Suddenly, they remembered what they were there for.

"The campaing! Quick, help me find it" Will smiled and nodded, and they browsed through the boxes.

"Is this it?" Will threw her a folder with at least 20 pages, that had a paper sticked. On it, it said D&D, and there was the drawing of a dragon.

"Did you draw it?"

"Yeah, you like it?"

"It's awesome!"

"Yeah... you know what else is awesome?" She asked shyly as they walked to the door. Will turned to face her.

"What?"

Irene looked up at him, and a small smile formed on her lips and she whispered

"*You*" She tiptoed and gave him a peck on the cheek before running down the stairs.

Notes for the Chapter:

> I just love the bit of sarcasm and humour the narrator gives
> Hope you're liking it, thanks for the kudos! ;)
> Sorry it took so long, went on a trip and then my computer went nuts